



COPYRIGHT 1885 BY J. MITCHELL



## JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

*Rocks:* HEY, CULLY, KETCH ONTO DE SWELL LADY WID A RAW HIDE AN' DE BIG DOG; WONDER WHO SHE'S LAVIN' FUR?

*Cully:* BET YER LIFE SOME SNOOZER'S GOIN' TO GIT SLASHED AN' CHAWED UP. DESE HIGH-TONED WIMMEN IS MIGHTY HANDY WID A WHIP WHEN DEY ONCT' GITS REAL MAD.



VOL. VI. JULY 9TH, 1885. NO. 132.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III. and IV., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamp and directed envelope.

**M**R. BUDDENSIECK, the shaky builder, and Mr. Fish, the shaky banker, have each received their rewards of virtue, and neither can complain of the partiality of his Judge.

Ten years' free board at State expense is none too munificent a reward for the builder of mud flats, and when Mr. Fish remembers that the honorable justice might have placed him under State supervision for 120 years, instead of giving him a commutation ticket for ten years, he has every reason to be thankful.

We trust Mr. Buddensieck's make of contract shoes and freestone gravel will be superior to his workmanship in buildings, and as for Mr. Fish, we have only to say that we hope he will restrain his temper and financial peculiarities hereafter, so that he may become a useful member of the community he now adorns.

\* \* \*

**N**OW that these choice spirits are where they belong, we hope it will not be long before Mr. Ferdinand Ward follows suit.

Of course the exigencies of justice demand that he be retained in the city long enough to grace the opening of the theatrical season, but after that we can see no reason for his wearing broadcloth, when a nice fall suit of bed-ticking is yawning for his advent.

\* \* \*

**W**E would call the attention of our readers to the comments of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, on the alleged Indian War, to be found in our columns this week.

They throw a new light on a subject concerning which we read much in our daily press, and written and published by the editor of a paper of the acknowledged standing of the *Argonaut*, they are entitled to the consideration of fair-minded readers.

It is about time this warfare upon the defenceless tribes of the West should stop, and some steps be taken toward repressing the outrages perpetrated by civilized whites, which will,

in most instances, be found to be the primary causes of the so-called Indian disturbances.

\* \* \*

**A**S a quick route from obscurity to fame we think Mr. Cleveland's favor cannot be beaten.

His latest achievement, as a purely executive camera obscura for Democratic nonentities, has been the nomination of Mr. Edward L. Hedden as Collector of the Port of New York, one of the most important offices which the President is called upon to fill.

To the President and the Hedden family at large—or otherwise—this is doubtless a most satisfactory appointment, and the reasons for it are presumably well known to those most directly interested.

But when an essentially executive officer passes over men of conspicuous fitness for the position, and gives it to an untied man of the conspicuous fitness which usually pertains to a clerk on a salary of \$1,500 a year, and about whom nothing else is known than that he resides practically beneath the thumb of one of the most offensive partisans in the appointor's party, then an interested public begins to yearn for a knowledge of those reasons.

If Mr. Cleveland were not a Reformer, and only a politician, the public would perhaps not yearn so much.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Fourth of July is passed, and we have been a free nation for over a century. The struggle for liberty, nevertheless, continues.

The descendant of the Revolutionary hero imitates, in a degree, the action of his forefathers in making a bold dash for freedom, with this difference: his struggle is to put himself beneath the protection of, and enjoy the liberty afforded by the British Government to American forgers, embezzlers and thieves of various stripes.

Well, why should we complain?

England sends us her paupers and we send her our Bank Presidents—such as get away—and receivers of stolen goods. A fair exchange is no robbery, and we have the consolation of hoping that when, in a hundred years from now, the American nation is a nation of British paupers, and Great Britain is a nation of American thieves, the former will send over enough dynamite to blow the latter concern higher than the proverbial kite.

Then the London newspapers will have something really worth complaining about.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *Nation* suggests that Mr. Keiley be brought back on the *Dolphin*.

It seems to us that there is an oversupply of cranks on the vessel as she stands.



Loofingwell Follibud: MOTHER, WHO IS THAT SICKLY-LOOKING DUDE OVER THERE?  
 Mrs. F.: HUSH! THAT IS MR. HARDCASTLE. HE IS WORTH HALF A MILLION.  
 Loofingwell (unmoved): WELL, WHO IS THE HOMELY-LOOKING GIRL?  
 Mrs. F. (impatiently): DO BE QUIET, LOOFY; SHE IS HIS SISTER. (*In a whisper.*) THE OTHER HALF.





### PERPLEXED PLUVIUS.

AN EPIC POEM DEDICATED TO OUR CLERGY.

WE 'VE reached that season of the year,  
When scorched grows the grass;  
And farmers all are terrified,  
Lest dividends shall pass.  
The parson and his congrega-  
tion, one and all together,  
Do get upon their knees and ask  
For rainy weather.

And long before the prayer has reached  
The vane upon the steeple,  
Another one is offered up,  
For all the wayward people,

Who happen to be on the sea,  
In Neptune's briny grip,  
That they from wind and rain be safe,  
And have a sunny trip.

Now what can Mr. Pluvius do  
To please a congregation,  
That asks him first to squirt and then  
Withhold his irrigation?

We give it up. But if we had  
The nozzle to direct,  
We'd send the weather where 't would make  
The people circumspect,

And know just what they wanted ere  
They prayed for one or t' other—  
And, oh!! the Parson'd be so wet  
He would n't know his mother!

THE Queen has appointed Baron De Worms Secretary  
of the Board of Trade.

We should think De Worms would be more needed in the  
House of Commons for de-Bait.

PHILADELPHIA takes a back seat now. The reign of  
New York's Liberty Belle has commenced.

MISS CLEVELAND wore a steel ornament at a recent  
Saturday afternoon reception, and a fashionable lady  
left the White House, with her nose in the air, saying: "Steel  
ornaments! Just think! She'll have to get over that."

One would think that Washington society had got used to  
all kinds of "steal" by this time.

A SCIENTIST says that a very strong solution of salt  
applied boiling hot will preserve wood.  
This is important to those whose wood-pile has to be pro-  
tected by a spring gun.

"WHY do the Germans make the moon masculine?"  
asked D'Israeli.  
We give it up, unless it is because he, she or it is not in-  
frequently full.

TWO weeks ago the question of the hour was, "Who is  
to be Collector?"  
It has now resolved itself into, "Who *is* Collector Hedden?"

REV. T. DEUM TALMAGE has joined the ranks as a  
Prohibition candidate for Governor.  
Good! We'd rather see him prohibited from governing  
than any man we know of.

### PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



HOW NOW HE CAT-E.—*Macbeth*.

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks that the Austrian government  
showed a great lack of *bon voyage*, in declining to  
receive Mr. Keiley on the ground of his wife's religion.  
We seldom dare to correct our estimable friend, but we  
think Mrs. Spriggins meant "*jew d'esprit*."

THE Boston *Advertiser* thinks it undignified to give the  
title of A. B. to girls who appear in the Smith College  
catalogue as Nellies, Carries, Jennies, Vergies and Annies,  
and intimates that their names ought to be up to their titles.  
True, indeed. A *Bachelor* of Arts should be a Billie or a  
Charlie, or something masculine. The idea of a woman  
being a bachelor!

What right has Smith College to confer A. B. on girls,  
anyhow?

They do n't know anything about base-ball, or rowing, or  
being tough.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN.

THE story is now told of a middle-aged man who has saved enough money since 1865, by abstaining from cigars, to buy a farm in Connecticut. To be sure the extent and nature of his secret plottings against his own self-determination are not accurately known; but his resolution did not end in smoke. Although he lost many a puff from a fragrant cigar he gained a prodigious puff in the newspapers.

But the cost of Havanas is a trifle compared with the price of bonnets. We have yet to hear of a woman stinting herself on bonnets. While men are failing every day from their efforts to support a family, women are piling up bandboxes with reckless prodigality, as if gold fell in showers from Heaven, as in the days of the Princess Danae. Roller-skating rinks are abandoned, old china is left to dust and spiders, and flower beds are becoming choked with weeds, while women rush to the milliner's and meet in conclave to discuss the latest novelty in bonnets. Of course, the price is never considered at all, unless it is so fabulously high as to suggest the politic and laconic phrase, "How cheap!" after the bonnet is brought home, and while the husband is scanning the bill through his eye-glasses.

As the following facts show, women must allow that their extravagance is bringing the country to the verge of ruin. The average length of a bonnet string is twenty-two inches.

Using these figures as a basis for computation, the total length of bonnet strings tied under the dimpled chins of the fair sex in the United States is not less than 5,000 miles. The statistician will find no loophole for escape from this conclusion. The ribbon alone, if sold, would pay for the conversion of at least 10,000 pagans from Voodooism. Besides this, vast quantities of flowers and plumes are used, simply beyond calculation. Birds are wantonly shot to decorate the crazy and chaotic designs of the milliner, while men eminent for piety are everywhere committing forgery and stealing funds held in trust in order to keep their wives in bonnets.

The only pretext for women buying bonnets is the hollow delusion that by wearing them to church they may fascinate the minister and excite the envy of the pews. But by denying themselves the luxury it is possible for them to pay their husband's club dues and poker debts, and evoke a loud blast from the trumpet of fame, awakening many a reverberating echo.

H. V. S.

DEUCED IRISH, YOU KNOW.

WE 'VE all become martyrs to servants, 't is plain;  
For to kick against fate we have found is in vain.  
You ask why we meekly submit to it so?  
With sadness we answer, O 't is Irish, you know,  
Yes Irish, quite Irish, you know.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. I.

My Dear Mrs. Creosote Dudley:

I SEE by the papers that you are anxious to obtain a trial, and that you are now looking at one. If you are not satisfied with the one you get, allow me, my dear madame, to place at your disposal my own unequalled assortment, which I really do not care to retain.

I am yours, very truly,

FERDINAND WARD.

II.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 1st.

My Dear Eno:

Failed to connect, for, in the words of that good old song by Dr. Watts,

"I am the lad with the Auburn 'air,"

and I cannot see my way through. Submit your proposition to Ward. He's still open to conviction. Yours for ten years,

J. D. F.

III.

ESSENTIALLY EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
July 4, 1885.

My Dear Manning:

If it is true that Burchard will not give up the Mint, cross Julep off the White House wine list. It's an offensively partisan drink.

G. CLEVELAND.



Papa: ETHEL, YOU MUSTN'T SAY "I WON'T" TO PAPA. IT'S NAUGHTY  
Ethel: WELL, BUT PAPA, WHAT SHALL I SAY WHEN I MEAN I WON'T?

## COULEUR DE ROSE.

WITH Rose I walked at even' time  
In silence down sweet, shady ways;  
The village bells were all in chime,  
And life took on, beneath her gaze,  
*Couleur de rose.*

A dainty red was on her cheek,  
Her very smile was witchery;  
There seemed a pressing need to speak  
Of what made everything to me  
*Couleur de rose.*

But, better far than words, I stole  
A sudden kiss, where blushes lay.  
Ye gods! the blush had played its rôle,  
And on my lips I bore away  
*Couleur de rose!*

*Richard E. Burton.*

THE LITERARY AND POLITICAL PRODUCTS  
OF ROOSEVELT'S RANCH.

IT will be remembered that, in the "storm and stress" period immediately following the Chicago Conventions, when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was debating whether it were better to sacrifice his immediate political prospects and support Cleveland, or his political conscience and support Blaine, he retired to the seclusion of his Montana ranch. The result of that brief season of meditation was the sacrifice of his political conscience to the great god, Party.

It is now announced that Mr. Roosevelt will accept the Comptrollership on the Republican State ticket. Whether or not his little sacrifice was offered in vain will depend on the temper of the State convention and the result of the election.

ANOTHER and, certainly, more praiseworthy result of that precious season of meditation is a mechanically elegant volume, called the "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The heavy vellum paper, fine pica type and excellent press-work make the edition, which is limited to 500 copies, a peculiarly sumptuous one.

Swain Gifford's etchings and full-page wood engravings, from drawings by J. C. Beard, A. B. Frost and others, are the artistic embellishments of the work.

MR. ROOSEVELT is a keen sportsman, without claiming to be an expert. He writes of his adventures in the spirit of thorough enjoyment, but does not allow his enthusiasm to distort his facts. When he makes a fairly good shot he gives you the exact number of paces without any odd yards thrown in for effect. His descriptions are

bright and natural; his choice of words is excellent, and his style forcible and attractive.

The taste is, however, questionable which clothes such unambitious writing with the elegancies of book-making that are generally reserved for the classics of our literature.

\* \* \*

HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued the American edition of Henry M. Stanley's notable work on "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," in two large and gaudy volumes. The book is worthy of a better setting. Neither paper, type nor illustrations are in keeping with the permanent character of Stanley's work.

No one can read this narrative of his six years' labor as chief of the expedition of the African International Association, and not feel that Stanley will rank in history as a second Columbus, who added another continent to the commercial world.

*Droch.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*THE ABODE OF SNOW.* By Andrew Wilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Traveller's Series.

*Tent Life in Siberia.* By George Keenan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Traveller's Series.

*A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* By Isabella L. Bird. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Traveller's Series.

*Carriston's Gift.* By Hugh Conway. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Leisure Hour Series.

*The Journals of Major-Gen. C. G. Gordon, C. B., at Kartoum.* Printed from the original MSS. Introduction and Notes by A. Egmont Hake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

## EUROPEAN ECHOES.

GENERAL VREMSTOFSKI, while climbing a tree after a bird's nest a few days ago, fell to the ground and left about three-thirds of his trousers swinging up the tree. The Czar has sent him a bicycle and a bath-tub as a compliment to his bravery.

THE youngest son of the Duke of Edinburgh is evincing a ravenous fondness for soft tallow candles and machine oil. It is feared that he will develop into a Russophile, and the Queen is greatly distressed.

It is being whispered that the Italian Ministry resigned on account of an attempt to tax macaroni and hand-organs. A few days ago a small boy drew a mule on a wall of the Vatican with a lump of mud, and was immediately excommunicated by the Pope. Leo will work the incident into his next lamentation about imprisonment and persecution.

THE national debt of Greece has been increased \$50.37, and there are fears of a riot in Athens.

THE Bulgarian monarch offers any man a nice cottage and a bonus of \$100 who will take his place and assume imperial power.

MR. BARONESS BURDETT CAHOOTS has been re-elected to Parliament, and will probably enter the Cabinet as Under-Taker to Ireland. The Queen has offered to confer upon Mr. Cahoots the vacant order of Prince Albert's Suspenders, the supply of Garters having run short.



THE YOUNG LADY FROM BOSTON.

WE were alone together upon a raft, in imminent danger of being rocked into the cradle of the deep at any moment. We had sailed from Boston in the good ship *Asparagus*, bound in ballast to Hong Kong, and had just reached a place which interested the captain, because something bore southwest-by-west from it some hundreds of miles off, when the ship rolled over and my companion and I



DO YOU DARE TO SPEAK WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION?

caught the life-raft and floated off together. She was not wondrously beautiful. She was dressed in all the feathers and fringes which are dear to the female heart and the male pocket-book; but they had been dragged through the water and lost all their starch. And I thought that, if I had been somewhat younger myself, she might have been my grandmother.

As a bachelor with a bachelor's taste, I had never taken at home much interest in my fellow beings who flocked by me. But now as the hours dragged by I found that my demand for them was in inverse proportion to the remarkably small supply. I looked at the chilly drippings from my companion's finery, and at the spasmodic shakings which started them, and compared them with the clasp of my own once laundried shirt and the busy chattering of my teeth. The bond of sympathy seemed to be strong enough to justify speech.

"It's pretty cold hanging on here," said I.

This was merely an observation and perhaps required no answer.

"Do you find that crack a good thing to hang on by?" I asked.

"Do you dare to take advantage of our fortuitous situation to speak to me without an introduction?" she demanded, with scorn.

"I beg your pardon," I explained, somewhat indistinctly, on account of the absurd but uncontrollable action of my teeth; "the situation seemed to be one which naturally, as it were, drew us together, and—he, he, he!—I could n't find any bell to ring for a master of ceremonies. He, he, he!"

I found myself laughing at the back of her waterfall, and so I stopped.

Three days and three nights went by, and the sea kept up its lonely swashing, and our stomachs shriveled more and more, and our fingers and feet swelled with the cold. I am something of a lawyer. I thought the matter over carefully, and came to the conclusion that, if I was to die, it would be conservative to have a clear conscience, and, if I was to live, it would be conservative to have a clear record. Therefore, I did n't eat her. I managed, however, by skillful splashing in the water, to keep her corner perpetually up to windward and mine to leeward, and to give her startling sensations that there were sharks about.

At length, toward the afternoon of the third day, I thought that I detected a change coming over her. I watched and waited for it to ripen.

"This is awful," she at last burst forth. "I must speak."

This was merely an observation, and by precedent required no answer. So I said nothing.

"Do you think, stranger, that there is any hope for us?" she asked, putting her words into the form of a question.

"So I know you?" I inquired with some severity.

"Perhaps you do n't." She spoke hysterically. "But I'm Mrs. Gedoodleburg. Indeed I am."

"I guess you're bogus," said I, turning my back and speaking with dignity.

"How can I prove to you that I am not?" she cried.

"Ask me something easier," I simpered, and hugged my knees and looked out toward the horizon.

As evening drew on, she seemed to grow faint. Her fingers began to lose their hold upon the crack. I crawled toward her for fear that she might slip from the raft. An unusual lurch came. She slipped; she was in the water; she clutched the edge of the raft.

"Let me save you!" cried I. No answer. "Let us—let us—make believe that you're my grandmother and that I'm your grandfather!" My voice grew more and more frantic as I spoke. "Let me"—my hand was over her. Perhaps she did not say the desired word because she was too weak to. In my own weakness I sought to grab her, but she had lost her hold and was gone.

When I reached home I found that she was indeed Mrs. B. Stephen Gedoodleburg and that I was myself; and for some time I did n't feel just right about everything which had happened upon the raft. But my friends persist in looking upon me as a hero, and I am beginning to think that perhaps I am one.



THE STRUGGLE





UGER LIBERTY.

## THE INDIAN WAR.

THE following words from the San Francisco *Argonaut* may be of interest to New Yorkers who read in Eastern papers the harrowing details of the bloody war which the Apache and Cheyenne Indians have precipitated upon our weak, defenceless nation :

"The cruel and inhuman war that is now being waged in Arizona against the Apache Indians is a cowardly and inexcusable plot of thieves and rascally contractors to make money by the unjustifiable massacre of an innocent people. We do not hesitate to say that our sympathies are with the Apaches, and we wish they could drive the cowardly, drunken gang of Arizona cowboys and volunteer Arizona blackguards who are on their war-path into an ambushade and murder them ; they have been deceived, plundered, and massacred ; they have been destroyed by the introduction of American vices, diseases, and appetites ; they have been driven from their lands and homes, they have been defrauded in treaties, and every honorable engagement entered into with them has been violated. Contractors have so robbed and plundered them that they have died of starvation and cold. The greed of the land speculator and the Washington politician, operating through corrupt Indian rings, has made them beggars upon the continent that was theirs and in their sole occupation before the white invader planted himself upon it. Hence we take pride in saying that we hope this bravest and almost last of Indian tribes upon the American continent may beat the beastly bloodhounds of Arizona that are now on their trail and hunting them to destruction. Of what is this band composed ? Seventy unarmed fighting-men, fleeing from a prison, to which they had been hunted last year by the co-operating armies of two powerful republics. Unarmed, be-



## CONVINCING.

DEY IS SHUST A LITTLE SHORT, BUT DEN YOU IS A GROWIN' POY.

BUT WOANT DEY BE SHOTAH WHEN I GROWS, BOSS ? MEIN KRACIOUS ! DO YOU TINK YOUR FEET VILL GROW DOWN THE FLOOR INTO ? YOU WAS A CRAZY, EH ? OF COURSE YOU GROW UP INTO 'EM.

cause they have just broken from a prison where, in defiance of humanity, they have been kept in cold and semi-starvation. Who that understands the hunger of the Indian for mountain wilds, and game, and freedom, can be surprised that he should prefer the chances of death and liberty to confinement, starvation, cold, and death in his reservation prison ? Who shall blame them that they should make a desperate burst for freedom ? Who blames the warriors that they should murder all who oppose their flight, and should steal horses to aid in their escape, and rob food to keep them from starvation on the way ?

"And who that has a spark of human sentiment in his bosom does not side with these unarmed children of the mountain, as against the armed and well-mounted soldiers of the plain in their escape and pursuit ?—an escape to which the Indians were driven by hopeless wrongs ; a pursuit instigated by avaricious army contractors, who want an Indian war for the money that is in it, aided by the most cowardly gang of miscreants that have ever cursed the continent—cowboys ; aided by every worthless political loafer of town and village who sees in an Indian campaign the certainty of gin and the chance of plunder, and whooped up by a sensational, cowardly press, content to gain one subscriber for each Indian killed.

"The cowardice and greed of the citizens of Arizona have magnified this into an Indian war. *Faugh. WAR, An Indian War does not Exist in Arizona!*

"The simple truth is that seventy unarmed red men, with the impediment of women and children, without horses or provisions, are endeavoring to run away from Arizona to get back to their mountain fastnesses in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. Why not let them go, you men of Arizona ? We do not address ourselves to cowboys, nor curb-stone braves, but to honest, fair-minded citizens of Arizona. Why do you not tell the truth about all this miserable business of your annual Indian wars ? Expose the motives which underlie the whole movement, and the greed that prompts it. Tell us of the mineral lands and fertile valleys which the whites are stealing from the Indians by their constant encroachments ; admit to the world, over your own signatures, that, since the organization of your Territory, more white men have been murdered by white men than have been killed by Indians ; admit that more horses have been stolen by white than red thieves ; that more people have been murdered in ambushade by cowboys than by savages ; admit broadly, and without reservation, that the whites have perpetrated more outrages against Indians than Indians against whites, and committed more offences against decency, humanity and the laws of civilized war than Indians, and that nine-tenths of all the stories of Indian outrages are unadulterated and deliberately manufactured lies by white thieves, army contractors, speculators and land plunderers for the purpose of enabling them to rob the Indians. If you are not a set of inefficient and white-livered cowards, explain to us who have crossed the continent, and know something of Indians and Indian wars, how it is that you are so desperately frightened by a hundred or two of unarmed men, women and children, who are themselves frightened and endeavoring to escape from your sun-scorched desert plains to get into the mountains ? For God's sake, if you must live, and we see no necessity for it, go to work and spare us this annual yawp and whoop-up over an Indian war. We are sick of it, and tired of it, and disgusted with it, and do n't believe in it.

"If the Government will send every hostile Indian in the Territory to San Francisco, board them all at the Palace Hotel, give all the squaws a wardrobe from the White House, send all the boys to Berkeley and all the girls to the Van Ness Seminary, and all the papooses to the Women's Relief Society, it will save money, and the Territory of Arizona will prosper by the development of her valleys, plains and mountains."

ONE of the new Marshals rejoices in the name of Bible. He has n't any such sinecure, however, as his name would imply.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR PEDANTIC MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—I have sent you by express to-day, C. O. D., the manuscript of a novel which I would like to have you examine. It is the first thing I ever attempted in the literary line. You will find that the MS. has some very strong points, and that it attains a degree of literary *fineness* not often achieved by an American novel. You can publish the novel as a serial, provided we can agree upon terms. If we do not make a trade, you are at liberty to freely criticise the work, either in your literary notices, or in a private letter to myself. Please let me know what you think of my style, and advance something in the way of a prophetic forecast of my literary future.

Yours, with great respect,  
J. HAMPDEN JONES.

OFFICE PEDANTIC MONTHLY,  
June —, 1885.

J. HAMPDEN JONES, Esqr.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter and manuscript were received about two weeks ago. As to your literary future, I cannot venture a prediction. You may make your living by the pen, provided you raise the right kind of hogs, and always sell on a buoyant market. Your letter indicates that you would make a good drummer—if there is any virtue in a “boundless contiguity” of cheek. Your MS. was devoured by a goat before I had time to notice it. The goat got ahead of me in noticing it. It may afford you some gratification, however, to learn that the goat is dead. He did not survive the repast two hours. I made a *post-mortem* conjecture about the goat’s death, and concluded that the “strong points” of your MS. were more than he could stand. I sent you by express last week, C. O. D., a box of brickbats for which I had no use. Please accept them as a trifling token of my sincere regard.

Believe me, with the compliments of the season, your obedient servant,

EDITOR PEDANTIC MONTHLY.



SKETCHES BY THE SEA.

THE Artist with his fish and line,  
From purling brooks doth fetch  
The two small trout he caught himself,  
And some he did n't ketch.

He then runs down onto the coast,  
Well known as New Jersey,  
And catches daily what he calls  
His s—ketches by the sea.





A PLATE of long range Boarding-House Butter was one morning preparing to take a shave, when a slice of invulnerable, iron-clad, gate-hinge Beef Steak walked up and said:

"You carry your age wonderfully well. In fact, you are fattening up as you grow old, and you are the best preserved plate of Butter I ever saw. What is the secret of your success in keeping whole? You must have a recipe for immortality."

"It's all due to my superior tact, skill, and knowledge of the world," replied the Butter, as it put on a thick lather of soap and began to whet its razor. "I manage people by making them stand off from me. Familiarity is fatal to greatness. The common people worship me from afar, but are afraid to approach me. You can effect nothing, except by direct contact with the *profanum vulgus*. You are too plebeian to make a hit and build yourself up."

These words were scarcely spoken when a majestic buzzard swooped down from the over-arching empyrean, and gobbled up the vain plate of Butter, leaving the terrified beefsteak unmolested.

MORAL: This Fable feebly illustrates the airy texture of human calculations and the instability of human grandeur.

J. A. Macon.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR ART—UR SULLIV—N:—(1.) In answer to your inquiry concerning your long-lost brother, John, we would say that there is a gentleman in Boston by that name,

who bears the strawberry mark you mentioned on his left bicep. (2.) Concerning the McAdoo in the United States, we can only refer you to Mr. Logan, the weird orator of the wild West.

#### EXTRACT FROM AN ANALYTICAL NOVEL THAT NEEDS NO PLOT.

"HE wondered why she paused in the road as she moved slowly away from him. Somehow, the thought came into his mind. There are times when—who knows how?—thoughts will come into one's mind. Even when the mind is too small to receive them, they will linger near with a mute appeal. Sebastian stood like a dreamy statue on a rainy day as this train of reflection percolated through him. He had seen the lady depart with doubt on her face, with repose in her bearing, with restful calm in her movements. She had paused; he had seen her pause. Why had she paused? He asked himself the question, because the thought had come into his mind. Without the thought, where would have been the question? What would the question have signified without the antecedent condition of the thought? But there was no time for psychological analysis. He approached the place where the lady had stood still. There was a brier in the path which had caught her dress and detained her. This explained all. The matter was no longer puzzling because it was plain. The riddle was easy as soon as 't was read. He turned and looked with a westward gaze in the direction of the departed sun. The glinting play of the purple twilight still shone along the horizon. He withdrew rapidly. If he had not gone he would have been there now."

MR. LOWELL has joined a whist club.

As a tip for the other gentlemen who form the set, we would state that the London *Telegraph*, in its parting tribute to the ex-Minister, said, "He won all our hearts."

Verb. Sap.



A NORTHERN paper praises the Indian Hair Restorer. He is a fraud. No Indian was ever known to restore any hair.—*Texas Siftings*.

"THE Indians are making considerable trouble out West," remarked a passenger on a Bridge car to his neighbor.

"So I see," was the brief reply.

"Well, sir, I have a first-class scheme for wiping out the red rascals."

"With a sponge?" said the other, with a sneer.

"No, sir; I would convert—"

"Pooh! that's no good. It won't work."

"Hold on a minute. I would convert the entire Western reservation into a cucumber patch and turn the red men loose."

"I should think that would increase the number of Indians," piped out a little man with weak eyes, who sat opposite.

"How so?" exclaimed the astonished schemer.

"It would double 'em up," said the small man, with a smile.

"All out here!" yelled the brakeman, and the council of war broke up, *sine die*.—*New York Journal*.

"My dear," remonstrated a wife, peering out from under the bedclothes, "I do wish you would use the word 'sheol.' It sounds better."

"It may sound better at times," replied her husband, who was noisily nursing his heel, "but when a man steps on a tack he wants the old version."—*New York Sun*.

HE PREFERRED VERMONT RAILWAYS.

"How fur is Albany?" asked a countryman at the Grand Central Station.

"One hundred and forty-four miles."

"How long does it take to git thar?"

"Three hours and twenty-five minutes by fast line."

"An' how much does it cost?"

"One dollar and forty-four cents."

"Gosh! a dollar and forty-four cents for ridin' less 'n four hours! Why, up in Vermont I kid ride half a day on a railroad for less money than that, an' not go near so fur, nuther."—*New York Sun*.

"PA," said Johnny, at Barnum's circus, the other day, "if one of those Arabs should fall down and knock all of his teeth out, would he talk gum Arabic?"—*Ex*.

CONSEQUENCE OF THE COMMA.

From a Volume of Verse—"Vapid Vaporings."

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown

And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright

Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten feet long

Were their trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout

and strong

In a bow'r of fragrant roses the musicians now compete

Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the fragrance

sweet

See the Queen how sad and tearful as the King cuts off her head

One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes she was dead.

HENRY HOLT & CO.

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

*A Millionaire's Cousin,*

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

Author of "A Chelsea Householder." 16mo.  
Leisure Hour Series, \$1.00.

Leisure Moment Series, 25 cents.

*Alfred T. Carroll,*

TAILOR & IMPORTER.

In view of the increasing demand for garments of elegance and HIGH CLASS STANDARD

of style, at reasonable prices, we are prepared to meet the emergency with an unusually select line for spring wear, acceptable to the most refined taste.

Riding Costumes and Liveries in English Styles.

166 Sixth Ave.,  
NEW YORK.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address

C. G. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

Cashmere  
Bouquet  
Toilet Soap.

Has the largest sale of any superfine toilet soap. Perfume novel and exceptionally strong.

Send four cents in stamps to  
Colgate & Co., N. Y., for sample cake.



At Wholesale, 49 Maiden Lane.  
FRANK B. CONVERSE,  
136 West 47th Street, N. Y.  
(Formerly 61 West 42d Street.)

THE BEST PICTURE OF  
GENERAL GRANT.

A finely executed steel engraving of U. S. GRANT, engraved by Gugler, and printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x18 inches. India proofs, \$3.50. Plain proofs, \$2. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, to whom liberal terms will be given. For terms, etc., apply to CLEAVES, MACDONALD & CO., 45 TEMPLE PL., BOSTON, MASS.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.  
Lundborg's Rhenish Cologne.



KRAKAUER,  
Ladies' Tailor  
and Habit Maker.

19 EAST 21ST ST., N. Y.,  
And Bellevue Ave., Newport.

Would inform Ladies that he will during the months of June, July and August, meet the demand for pretty, yet inexpensive, Costumes, Coats, Ulsters and Jackets in Serges and stylish light texture Woolens.

My Riding Habits are cut on the most improved safety principle, and are unsurpassed for style and fit—neither do they "drag" nor "ruck up." Inspection solicited.

Henriette Frame,

ROBES AND MANTEAUX,  
takes occasion to announce that she is in receipt of very choice novelties for Spring and Summer Costumes.

Out of town orders receive special attention. Perfect fit guaranteed on receipt of measurement.

232 West 22d Street, New York.

GEO. MATHER'S SONS  
PRINTING INK  
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH  
OUR SPECIAL •LIFE• INK.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. PRINCESS OF WALES.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. QUEEN OF DENMARK.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. QUEEN OF NORWAY.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

ALSO AT  
26 CONDUIT STREET  
LONDON.

ALSO AT  
242 RUE DE RIVOLI  
PARIS.

**REDFERN.**

ALSO AT  
SARATOGA SPRINGS,  
N. Y.

**LADIES' TAILOR & HABIT MAKER.**  
210 Fifth Avenue <sup>THROUGH</sup> 1132 Broadway,  
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

ALSO AT  
COWES,  
ISLE OF WIGHT.



Mr. Redfern has now opened a

Postal Department at his New York establishment (on the same principle as carried out in his Cowes, London and Paris branches), where Ladies living at a distance can send their orders for Gowns, Coats and Toques through the mail. + + +

Patterns of the latest Summer Cloths and Isle of Wight Serges of their own manufacture, in all colors, with original Sketches, Paintings and Photographs, sent to any part of the world on application, free of charge. + + + + +

A perfect fit guaranteed without a personal interview. + + + + +



**Cavanagh, Sanford & Co.,**  
*Merchant Tailors*  
*and Importers,*

16 WEST 23d STREET,  
Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

MAKERS OF  
**THE G & S SHIRT**  
PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

No one can furnish  
"OLD CROW" RYE  
SOUR-MASH WHISKEY  
unless purchased from us.  
We have taken every barrel  
made since January, 1872.

We have also HERMIT-  
AGE four to seven years  
old, all sold absolutely pure,  
uncolored, unsweetened.

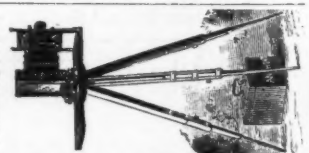
**H. B. KIRK & CO.,**  
69 Fulton St. & Broadway and 27th St.  
9 WARREN STREET.

**PREJUDICE IS A THIEF,**  
And will rob you of many good things.  
Our cigarettes are as fine as can be produced. They  
have lately been improved, are not hard nor dry—Will  
always smoke free and moist—Will not crumble in the  
pocket nor "catch you in the throat."  
If you are not opposed to a change and cannot obtain  
them of your dealer, send to the manufacturers for a sample.  
**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,**  
Enclose three Red Stamps. **Rochester, N. Y.**

**ARTISTIC FURNISHING**  
AND  
**SHOPPING AGENCY.**

Houses and apartments furnished with economy and taste. Shopping of every description done with promptness and efficiency. Mrs. Ayer will accompany strangers desirous of saving time, fatigue, and of avoiding shops where exorbitant prices are asked. Lingerie of all kinds. Bridal Trousseaux, infants' Layettes, or separate articles of underwear, exquisitely hand-made by French and Swiss Convent-taught seamstresses under Mrs. Ayer's personal supervision. For full particulars, terms, etc., send for Circular. Mrs. Ayer has the honor of referring to upwards of two hundred well-known citizens in different parts of the United States. Among them: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. CLINTON LOCKE, Grace Church, Chicago; Rev. ROBERT COLLIER, Church of the Messiah, N. Y.; Rev. and Mrs. ARTHUR BROOKS, Church of the Incarnation, New York City; Hon. ROBERT LINCOLN, ex-Sec'y of War, Washington, D. C.; Justice and Mrs. S. F. MILLER, Washington, D. C.; Gen'l and Mrs. JOHN A. LOGAN, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. JOHN B. DRAKE, Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. CHAS. B. FARWELL, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. REGINALD DE ROYEN, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. JOHN B. LYON, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. JOHN N. JEWETT, Chicago; Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. JAMES M. RHODES, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. ISAAC COOK, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. GILBERT GREENWAY, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

**Amateur Outfits.**  
Patent Novel, Fairy and  
Bijou Cameræ.  
Illustrated Catalogues Free  
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,  
592 Broadway, N. Y.



**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co.**

**HARRIET HUBBARD AYER**  
(Formerly with SYMPER & Co.)  
120 West 13th Street, New York City.

**The Only Pure Waukesha Water**  
IS THE

**WAUKESHA GLENN,**

The Well-Known "Queen of Waters."

REIGNS ALONE AMONG NATURAL DIETETIC TABLE WATERS. ITS NUMEROUS COMPETITORS  
APPEAR TO HAVE, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, FALLEN AWAY.

The Only Spring in Waukesha that Remains at One Temperature  
BOTH SUMMER AND WINTER (i. e., 48 Degrees).

Address, **T. H. BRYANT, Waukesha, Wis.**

WAUKESHA IS A MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT, ON THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE  
AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

**FREE!** A WATERBURY WATCH is sent with every Retail Case. No advance in Cost Price, \$7.00.  
Remit by Bank Draft, Postal Order, Express, or Registered Letter.



• LIFE •

# D. W. GRANBERY & CO., LAWN-TENNIS DEPARTMENT.

Our "SHEPARD" for 1885 the Best Racket Made. Price, \$5.50



OTHER POPULAR STYLES OF OUR OWN MAKE FROM \$1.25 UP.  
Jefferies, Prince, Tate, Alexandra, and other Noted English Rackets.  
All Requisites for Playing the Game. Complete Sets in Box from \$5 Up.

Illustrated Catalogue and Directions for Playing FREE.

Business formerly conducted by

HALL, NICOLL & GRANBERY.

D. W. GRANBERY & CO.,

DEALERS IN

BRONZES, CLOCKS AND FANCY GOODS,

20 & 22 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.** BURLESQUE.  
MILES & BARTON, - Lessees and Managers.  
EIGHTH MONTH.  
RICE & DIXEY'S BIG BURLESQUE COMPANY.  
and Mr. HENRY E. DIXEY, in the fascinating  
spectacular burlesque nightmare, ADONIS,  
with its wealth of novelties. THE KNIGHTS IN  
ARMOR. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S FRIDAYS. Mr.  
RICE'S new songs. "IT'S ENGLISH. YOU KNOW,"  
and "THE WALL STREET BROKER." New Cos-  
tumes, effects, &c.  
Seats Secured Three Weeks In Advance.

**EDEN MUSEE,** 55 West 23d Street.  
OPEN FROM 11 TO 12.

Life-like Representation in Groups and Tableaux in Wax,  
ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES  
surrounding Barthold's Statue of Liberty,  
THE IRISH PATRIOT GROUP, Farnell, O'Connell, Butt,  
Davitt and Emmett.  
Admission to all, 50 cts. Children, 25 cts. Sunday admission, 25 cts.

## ELEVENTH SEASON.

**SPRING HOUSE,**  
RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

OPEN JUNE 20 TO OCTOBER 1, 1885.

Its well-known standard of excellence will be fully  
maintained.

T. R. PROCTOR,  
Owner and Proprietor.

Mr. Wm. H. Lee, representing the Spring House, will  
be at the Victoria Hotel, New York City, until June 15th.

## MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

For Dyspepsia, Headache, Bad  
Breath, Sour Stomach.

The Good Old Fashioned Remedy. 25 cts. a box.

## DITMAN'S SEA SALT

For producing a real sea bath at home. Send  
for circular.

A. J. DITMAN,

Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.



## EFFICACIOUS.

## ECONOMICAL.

## PORTABLE.

## TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.



A palatable effervescent draught; affords  
immediate and permanent relief in  
Constipation,  
Biliousness,  
Headache,  
Heartburn,  
Flatulency,  
Dyspepsia.



Corrects acidity of the stomach, allays fever and gently operates upon the bowels. It is emphatically a  
Household Remedy, invaluable for Travelers. As acceptable to the smallest child as to the strongest  
man.  
Sold by all Druggists.

## Eeckelaers' Toilet Soaps

In calling the attention of the public to this  
line of Fine Toilet Soaps, manufactured by L.  
Eeckelaers, of Brussels, we confidently recommend  
them as being  
*Unrivalled both in Quality and Perfume.*



By any Soaps, now offered, either of home or  
foreign manufacture. All we ask is one trial,  
which we are satisfied will convince the most  
fastidious.

The following are especially recommended:  
BOUQUET OF VIOLETS, OPOFANAX,  
WOOD VIOLETS, JOCKEY CLUB,  
WHITE ROSE, ROSE BABY SOAP,  
E. FOUGERA & CO., N.Y. Agents.  
Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

## HEMORRHOIDS

Successfully treated by special methods not employed by others.  
Fifteen years' experience. I can cure any case of HEMORRHOIDS,  
no matter how long standing or hopeless the case may be. The  
patient suffers no pain nor inconvenience. In most cases one treatment  
is sufficient, which takes only a few minutes; and the time re-  
quired for a cure is about two weeks, during which time the patient  
is not inconvenienced from business. Consultation free.

My practice in this field has been growing larger and larger, until  
a very large proportion of cases which come to me are cases pro-  
nounced incurable, rendered more serious in many instances by the  
misguided use of the surgeon's knife.

The means to be provided in my treatment involves NO KNIFE,  
SCISSORS, LIGATURE, CAUSTIC, POWDER, OR SALVE. Instead  
of these barbaric and worse than useless instruments of torture and  
destruction, I employ nature's simplest method. I employ a method  
which STRENGTHENS and SAVES. Its mission is to painlessly  
restore to perfect health the diseased organ. No charge until cured.  
Write for reference.

A. A. CORKINS, M.D.,

Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J.

## CAMPABELLO ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF MAINE.

This attractive summer resort, well known as one of the  
most popular on the Atlantic Coast, lies in Passama-  
quoddy Bay, seventy miles east of Mt. Desert.

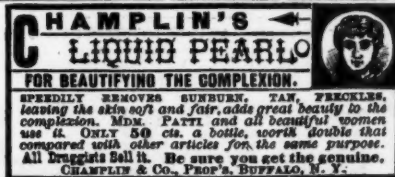
The island is ten miles long, from two to three miles  
wide, and the drives are delightful. The interior abounds  
in lofty and densely wooded hills. The shores are rock-  
bound, and giant cliffs overhang the sea for many miles.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, well-  
equipped saddle horses, steam launches, row boats, sail-  
boats, and canoes with Indian guides will always be at the  
command of patrons.

The hotels are unique, and are exquisitely furnished.  
They will be open June 25.

Applications for rooms may be made to T. A. Barker  
office of the Campobello Co., No. 12 Sears Building,  
Boston.

For Cottage lots and general information apply to  
ALEX. S. PORTER, 27 STATE ST., BOSTON.



Invaluable for the Freshness and  
Beauty of the Complexion  
and the SKIN.

CHARLES FAY,

Perfumer,  
9 RUE DE LA PAIX,  
Paris.

The Most

Celebrated

RICE POWDER.

Prepared with Bismuth.

Sold by the Fine Trade.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S.

R. D. WARBURG & Co.

G. BOSSANGE, Agent,

476--478 Broome street, New York.

**F. SCHWEPPE & CO.**



Having established the reputation throughout Great Britain as manufacturers of the Purest Mineral Waters, we offer to the American public our Unrivalled Soda, Carbonated Lemonade, Potassi, Seltzer, Lithia, Quinine Tonic and Ginger Ales, sweet and dry. Send for price list to 50 and 52 Washington Ave. Brooklyn, L. I.

By special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and all the Royal Family.

**DECKER BROTHERS'**

**MATCHLESS**

**PIANOS**

33 Union Square, N. Y.

*Noole & Co*  
**IMPORTING TAILORS,**  
116 WEST 23D STREET.

MR. HERBERT G. HOOLE,

Formerly 18 St. James Street, Pall Mall, and  
73 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

**PATRONS.**

H. R. H. the late Prince Imperial of France, the late Marquis of Hastings, NEW YORK: Mr. Stuart Robson, the late Chas. R. Thorne, Mr. M. B. Curtis,

and many other gentlemen of professional distinction.

**CARMEL TOILET SOAP**

It is well known that OLIVE OIL SOAP—if pure—is better for the human skin than any other kind. CARMEL SOAP offers a guarantee of perfect purity, as it is made in PALESTINE by a MISSION SOCIETY, who express the oil themselves, and ship the Soap direct to their Agent in New York. Used for the toilet it gives a good complexion, and for the nursery it keeps the children's skin healthy. Recommended for the teeth on account of its sweet taste, and for washing the hair. SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.



BUY THE MINIATURE STATUETTE OF the Bartholdi Statue. Only \$1.00 each. Address, RICHARD BUTLER, Sec'y, 33 Mercer Street, New York.



PERFUMER TO FOREIGN COURTS.  
Inventor and Sole Manufacturer of the  
**ROYAL THRIDACE AND VELOUTINE SOAPS,**  
THRIDACE PERFUMERY,  
KADSURA, POMPADOUR, CHAMPAKA, &c.

**R. D. WARBURG & Cie.,**

Represented by G. Bossange,  
476 and 478 BROOME ST., New York.  
Sole Agents for the United States.  
For sale by the fine trade.



**RAVEN SHOE**

Is absolutely the best. Softens leather, contains oil, gives natural finish, actually makes shoes wear longer.

**BUTTON & OTLEY,**



**GLOSS DRESSING**

Leading Shoe Dealers everywhere recommend it. It is more economical than other dressings. Take no other. MFRS., NEW YORK.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

THE ONLY

**GENUINE VICHY**

FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.  
HAUTERIVE } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,  
AND } &c., &c.  
CELESTINS }

GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.  
HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

**HAVE YOU**

Hot and dry skin?  
Scalding sensations?  
Swelling of the ankles?  
Vague feelings of unrest?  
Frothy or brick-dust fluids?  
Acid Stomach? Aching loins?  
Cramps, growing nervousness?  
Strange soreness of the bowels?  
Unaccountable languid feelings?  
Short breath and pleuritic pains?  
One-side Headache? Backache?  
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?  
Fluttering and Distress of the heart?  
Albumen and tube casts in the water?  
Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia?  
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?  
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?  
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?  
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?  
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin?  
Then

**YOU HAVE**

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear, and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhoea, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other complaint.

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. Warner's SAFE Cure has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

**BRIGHT'S DISEASE**

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.



**Cuticura**

A  
POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
SKIN and BLOOD  
DISEASE  
FROM  
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA Soap and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES** Illustrated Catalogue sent Free.  
**THE POPE MFG. CO.**  
BOSTON, MASS.  
Bicycles and Tricycles.

BRANCH HOUSES—19 Warren St., N. Y.; 115 Wabash Av., Chicago.